

The courageous soldiers and Veterans who publicly suicide protesting government betrayal is an absolute, political complaint against America's mistreatment of active and ex Military people in toto; they died to benefit those of us left behind. Each one selflessly, symbolically threw his body on the proverbial grenade landing in a bunker or foxhole to save the rest in it from dying, too; 'looking out for each other because that is all we got.' Honorless civilians, aunt, and Uncle Tim Vets are completely, clueless about such sacrifice in that accolade. Suicidal peace came with passing from a suffering hunk of clay into something better by making the ultimate sacrifice and protest for those of us left behind. America – hypocritically waving plastic flags, parroting hokey slogans, profiteering and supporting impotent and corrupt government institutions to 'help' us does not cut it. Only America could sink so low in the cesspool of greedy profiteering from Veteran and active Military suffering and suicide. We need true assistance not your self-rewarding emotional moments and tokens that make you feel good about betraying us. Defund the VA and everything about it then use those resources to truly benefit us. Put your supportive resources in place of your hypocritical slogans and fake 'emotional moment,' alligator tears.

The poem made into music lyrics is very clear: The **miracle of death takes away this pain; the miracle of death sets me free again. Suicide is painless; it causes many changes, which I can take or leave when I please. This game of life is pointless to play; I plan to lose it anyway, the final hand I soon will lay; freeing me from this hell of clay; suicide is painless, it causes many changes, that I can take or leave when I please.**

Almost 50 years ago, when swearing Military oath to dutifully serve this country, in youthful, idealistic, folly, I pledged my body and life to defend it. I naively believed the US government and 'we the people' would make right any wrongs. Was I ever deceived and mistaken. Never did I imagine this country would rob body, life, mind, and limb from me like this. **I grew up believing in the noble lies of people like JFK, 'Ask not what your country can do for you, but ask what [more] you can do for your country...'** My parents, teachers, elders, and their institutions all reinforced that message; the noble virtues of hard work, sacrifice, delayed gratification now for a better future, loyalty, and patriotism to a fault that in the end would reward me greatly. I bit and swallowed the bait, hook, line, sinker, pole, boat, and dock. Naively, believing and following such lunacy to a stony end: patriotism in America is a farce; take cash and patriotism anywhere and see which talks and walks; a Vet without money is a bum like any other. Now, *I would not help America take out the trash.* America's boasts of greatness are musings of pompous-ass, egoistic, fart-bags. When I examine the negative ROI for what this nation has cost me, bitter – yes! Angry – yes! Very much so, and I did not get this way alone and the personal cost earning these attitudes was enormous: a life paid as dues exchanged for broken promissory notes that read, thank you for your servitude, *sucker*. Moreover, I will tell you something more; those crippled, 'martyrized' actors and actresses one sees on TV and mass media propaganda, purportedly wounded from war, in staged, **stereotype–porn**, advert bites, patriotically cooing how they proudly suffer for their country is all cobble! Profiteers of this crap are so eager to 'help Vets' when ***paying selves first***, which is their true agenda, while *exploiting Veterans and active military personnel worshiping 'in the money god we trust.'* Why not nail these phonies to a piece of wood and call 'em Jesus! It is amazing what counterfeit people will do and say for money, attention, and fame to influence others. In the real world of wounded, suffering soldiers and Vets, I know of none who feel that way at all. We are not grateful to this country for our wounds; we want to be normal again not social misfits cursed with the knowledge of good and evil in the things we were forced to do, see and experience; we want to be healthy, hale and whole again, to have back our lost minds and dreams that were robbed from us, and return of our lives without hurting or misery; because, contrary to popular belief only the sufferer feels his or her pain, sorrow and anguish. Nobody else knows a thing or really cares except as relief that s/he is not affected: 'glad that it is you, not me – meme.' Americans, especially the politicians, are xenophobic parasites that have shit for brains, and think we sick and crippled Vets exist in martyrdom of orgasmic bliss frottaging our suffering for them and this country? They and the American people show their concern by leaving us for disposal by the same War–machine meat grinder responsible for our miseries.